

# The Prairie Light Review

---

Volume 33 | Number 1

Article 69

---

10-1-2011

## absence Falling

Amal Desai

*College of DuPage*

Follow this and additional works at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr>

---

### Recommended Citation

Desai, Amal (2011) "absence Falling," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 33: No. 1, Article 69.

Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol33/iss1/69>

This Selection is brought to you for free and open access by the College Publications at DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Prairie Light Review by an authorized administrator of DigitalCommons@C.O.D.. For more information, please contact [koteles@cod.edu](mailto:koteles@cod.edu).

*absence* Falling

Amal Desai

"Why do people jump?" was the first thought he had. He knew he jumped too but just after he did he questioned why he did it. Not his motives or anything, or why people would want to fall from the top of a skyscraper. No, he questioned why he jumped. He ran towards the edge and just as the tip of his left shoe reached the edge of the roof he leaped. But why not just run off? Or if he was walking just walk off? Or if he was simply standing, just tip over? Jumping was quite unnecessary. It's not like he needed to reach somewhere or make a certain distance. No, he simply needed to fall. But he gave it quite a leap. Questioning the reasoning for that leap was his first thought. His second thought was actually used to plan his last thought. He pondered about what his last thought in life should be. He decided that just before he hit the ground he should think about her. She was after all the reason he was falling so wouldn't it only be fitting she be his last thought? He decided it would be. But then he began to wonder what aspect of her he should think about. It's difficult to, in one thought, encapsulate a person's entire being. He wondered if he should think about her eyes, her hair, her soft delicate hands, or maybe even her ears. He always liked her ears. Or maybe he should think about something she did or they did together. Maybe he should think about kissing her. Or their first kiss or maybe the first time they met. Or maybe he should think about holding her. Or waking up next to her on a bright summer morning, the sun shining through the windows illuminating the specs of dust floating through the air. He liked that thought. The memory of her typically brought tears to his eyes in his last days but something about knowing the end was coming gave him a certain sense of serenity. Rather than sadness the possibility of seeing her again brought him hope, if there is some sort of afterlife, but if not he was at peace with the pure and complete emptiness coming his way. As he fell through the air accelerating in speed, the wind pushing against him making it almost impossible to breathe, the next thought he had was about skydiving. He remembered when he was a kid he always wanted to go skydiving. This was similar but not quite the same. He wondered if he should make his childhood dreams come true in the end and make the most of the fall, attempting all the acrobatics of skydivers. He decided not to. He just wasn't really in the mood. He looked down and realized where he hit he'd do a considerable amount of damage. He hadn't really thought about that yet. He didn't want to hurt anyone. He looked down and found an empty patch on the nearly desolate city street. He would direct his body there for the rest of the fall, he decided. He thought about what would happen to his body after he hit the ground. He pictured construction workers wearing orange fluorescent vests trying to separate his flesh from broken concrete. He thought about how horrible it would be if he survived the fall. The thought made his stomach queasy. He realized there was no possible way he would survive though. Next he thought about how meaningless anything he felt and thought at the moment truly was. It would have absolutely no

impact on the world. The queasiness in his stomach, it didn't matter. It didn't matter what he ate that morning or the night before. Suddenly he wished he had taken more advantage and pigged out the last few days. But he knew he just hadn't felt very hungry or craved anything really since she had been gone. He found it difficult to eat. The body they would find will have been malnourished and not such a pleasant sight. Not that much of the body would really be visible. Or that anyone's body would be a pretty sight after such a fall as this. He saw the ground approaching. He hoped he would have enough time to have a final thought and that it would be a pleasant one. He thought about her smile.

## The Pianist

Wilda Morris

The young Serbian from Germany  
with ratty hair who showed up  
in Vienna to study with Hayden  
was a desultory and dishonest student

but he took Vienna by storm,  
participating in the local sport  
of piano dueling. No one could match  
his ability to force from the keys

of this new instrument an emotional tone  
guaranteed to induce tears.  
No other musician broke more strings  
with his bold *piano forte*.

How humiliating for Beethoven  
years later when reviewers said  
that he, now almost totally deaf, ruined  
the premiere of his Archduke Trio  
by playing the piano part himself.